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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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We have no different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unreservedly* pronounce the STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to all others.

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C. A. ANTHONY,
C. WOLFGANG,
F. VON BAERGUS,

CHARLES WHALE,

Letter from the Artists of the Royal and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

New York, December, 1864.

Messrs. STEINWAY & Sons—Gentlemen—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voices, to a degree that is never failing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instrument, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

CARL REINHOLD, CARL FORSTER,
MAX MARSTEN, KARL FÖRSTER,
FRED. BELLINI, FR. HÄRTEL,
W. LOTI, F. MARSTEN,
JO. WEILHACK, JO. HÄRTEL,
D. B. LORENZ, JOSEPH JORDAN,
CARLOTA C. ROCCA, MAX FÖRSTER,
MRS. J. VAN. SANDY, PAULUS CALLEN,

Letter from the Resident Musicians and Conductor of "The Southern Standard," New York, FRANZ LEY.

BERLIN, Germany.—September 18, 1860.

Messrs. STEINWAY & Sons—Gentlemen—A short time ago I had occasion to mention with some regret one of your Present Overstring Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought before Mr. Howells, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unfeigned admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and whilst each complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, not—or met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The elasticity of tone is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the remarkable nature of these, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one note out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makers, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours,

FRANZ LEY.

BOSTON, January 22, 1861.

Messrs. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every particular. I have never been satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to prize your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos" by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

N. Y. December, Dec. 1, 1860.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO.

WORKROOMS, No. 11 and 13 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1866.

(From Once a Week)
COMIC PAPERS IN GERMANY.

There are many foreign institutions which seem perfect in their own country, but which it is ticklish work bringing before the judgment of another nation. To take one instance out of many, how impossible it is to find a Frenchman and an Englishman agreed on a definition of wit. Even such critics as M. Forges find Douglas Jerrold's sayings blunt and savage, not delicate enough for wit, not pure enough to be Attic. And, on the other hand, how many English consider the finest French bon mot insipid, and regret that the polished taste of our neighbors leads them to file their ideas till the point has vanished. What is true of verbal wit is still more true of pictorial wit. No standard can be devised which will be accepted by every nation. No Frenchman will think it right to imitate Leech. No Englishman will avow a preference for Cham. One of the reasons is, no doubt, that a considerable acquaintance with the life of a people must precede the least appreciation of its caricature. An Englishman going to Paris for the first time thinks some things strange, because he does not find them in London; other things because, wherever he sees them, they are opposed to his theory of life. But let him caricature these, and the Frenchman would find nothing comic in the daily customs of all Paris, in the things most consonant to the French ideal.—The French style of hunting was the height of absurdity to Leech; a French Leech would have taken just the opposite view. Hence there are fewer subjects that the artists of two countries can see with the same eyes, and still fewer that they can paint in the same colors.

What is true of France applies with even greater force to Germany. Of late, we have mixed so much with the French, that both countries have yielded some of their national peculiarities, and each has adopted some customs from the other. But though we live a great deal among the Germans, we do not mix with them; their narrow means and their want of hospitality prevent them, except in rare cases, from making intimate friends of us when we are in their country; while in like manner, our high prices and our upper crust of, insularity keep them from paying us long visits. Of the many English who have lived in Germany, how few have made friends with the people, as English people make friends in France and Italy. And it is not easy to enter into the life of people with whom you cannot make friends. You see some external peculiarities, and perhaps you disapprove of them; but how can you tell their meaning, if you are ignorant of the inner life which they symbolize?

It is true, that a diligent study of the caricatures of the nation will help you to some better knowledge, but if the caricatures are to be judged from an English point of view, this study will be thrown away. You must be content with the instructions contained in them, and must not look for pleasure. Seeing how a German artist, who professes to be comic, treats a phase of German life which was before unknown to you, will give you a gradual insight both into German life and the comic element in Germany. If you impose too high a standard, you will be considered an aristocrat, like the man who asked the meaning of some "grouse in the gun room" story, and to the explanation: "Oh, that's an old joke of mine" replied, "joke, is it? Well, I am much obliged to you for the information, for I should never have known it was a joke, if you had not told me."

In the first place, the paucity of political caricature is highly significant of the political state of Germany. There is only one paper which indulges in political pictures, and which circulates throughout the country, the Berlin *KLAEDERADTSCHE*. Even this paper is not free to caricature the great at a distance, much less the great nearer home. What should we say of Pusen, if it had to avoid the slightest allusion to the Queen, and had to be extremely careful in portraying the Duke of Cambridge? The Berlin paper must leave royalty out of the question. Its editor was imprisoned a short time ago for some verses on one of the smallest German sovereigns, and the Elector of Hesse Cassel is the only one whom it is safe to handle. It is different with Ministers, because if ministers were also to be exempt there would be an end to political caricature. But while we are accustomed to have England rep-

resented by the Queen, France by the Emperor Napoleon, Prussia by the Royal Sergeant Major, and Austria by Francis Joseph, the German caricaturist must confine himself to conventional figures. His England is a jack tar, his Prussia a soldier with helmet, and his Austria a soldier with a white uniform. An exception has indeed been made him in favor of Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, who are too far off to remonstrate, and are not sufficiently popular with the German authorities to be protected in their absence.

I can well understand that any German monarch, or any monarch who was friendly to Germany, would protest very strongly against being caricatured in the *KLAEDERADTSCHE*. From the want of practice in depicting royalty, or any ministers but German ministers, the sort of excellence in comic portraiture attained by German artists, is that which we witness in the wall-paintings of schoolboys. The Berlin caricaturists seem to consider that the whole art of caricature lies in making everybody as coarse and as vulgar as a Berlin cad. An idea or a likeness is a thing that never occurs to them: If they can catch some prominent traits they think they have made a hit; if not, they append an explanation. But by dint of insisting on some feature which, perhaps, never belonged to the real character, they succeed in making a figure familiar to their public. Thus Napoleon is always a man with a long nose, and two sharp points to his moustache. Nothing more is necessary. He may be fat or thin, tall or short, young or old, the nose and the two points are always enough to identify him. Victor Emanuel is a coarse, pudgy figure with a pipe stuck in his cap and a mangy moustache, the likeness consisting in the ends of the moustache being trained to grow on his cheeks. And these two things, the Napoleon nose and the Victor Emanuel moustache, are, in the eyes of German artists, the head and front of political comedy.

The *KLAEDERADTSCHE* has more freedom with regard to ministers, and it must pay the German ministers the compliment of a better likeness. Bismarck is generally drawn to the life, which is at once necessary, as the Berlin public must be familiar with his face, and easy, as he was for a time a contributor to the *KLAEDERADTSCHE*. But as soon as we get away from Berlin, the likeness vanishes. It is said that Beust sent his carte-de-visite to the editor of the *KLAEDERADTSCHE* with a request that the artists would make use of it in future, and favor him with a likeness. If all statesmen would do the same or if the readers of the paper would club together and present the editor with a photographic album of living celebrities, they would do him an inestimable service. I should advise Earl Russell to lead the way. One would think his person must by this time be familiar to the whole of Europe, yet when *KLAEDERADTSCHE* wishes to caricature him, it draws a hideous lay figure, resembling no statesman of any country, but any looking exactly like an old clothesman from some German Juden-gasse.

One circumstance is especially curious, as exemplifying the absence of true personal and political caricature. When an English comic paper celebrates an anniversary, or a centenary, or a royal marriage, or any other great occasion it makes the chief public characters of the day the vehicles of its wit, the figure in its pageant. But the German caricaturist cannot venture on this. He could not bring in native characters, for fear of the censor; an assemblage of purely foreign personages would have little interest. All he can do is to revive the imaginary characters whom he has invented during his existence as a comic illustrator. But the fun of this can only be appreciated by himself, and by those who have followed him throughout his career. And though well enough for once, it does not bear repetition. We should get tired even of Mr. Brigg, if he was to be always the leading figure in a procession.

Another advantage which is possessed by Pusen, and is not shared by his German brothers, is the union of general with political caricature. This is really an important element in keeping up the level of the paper. One week there may be little stirring in politics, and people are disappointed in the cartoon. The next week some fault may be found with the smaller drawings; the artist has not struck a good vein, or has been hurried, or careless. But both these things seldom occur the same week, and the faults of one drawing may generally be condoned by the excellence of the other. With the Germans

there is no such loophole. Their political paper confines itself to politics, and their general caricaturists never go beyond general caricature. One of the many results of this is, that the political caricaturists are contented with an idea, and the general caricaturists with the execution. The politicians are not required to draw, nor the artists to think. Thus while the *KLAEDERADTSCHE* is personal in its application but coarse in its drawings, the *FLIEGENDE BLATTER* of Munich is rather a weekly magazine than what it professes to be, a comic paper. It is the same with regard to the text, which may be dismissed in a couple of lines. The *FLIEGENDE BLATTER* gives stories and poems; the political writing of the *KLAEDERADTSCHE* is mostly local to Berlin, and the fun consists chiefly in the substitution of *j* for *g* according to the Berlin pronunciation.

The only limits to general caricature in Germany, as in other countries, are the taste and the comprehension of the public. But the public that immediately surrounds him is more important than any other to the comic artist. Really successful comedy cannot be produced, still less can it be sustained, without an appreciating audience. If it is to be sustained regularly, the audience must not be scattered, it must be close at hand, so that its influence may be felt at once, and may be expressed directly. For this reason a capital is essential to a comic paper. Nothing is more fatal to sustained comedy than a touch of anything provincial. Unfortunately for Germany, its comic papers must be provincial. A paper published at Munich must deal to a great extent in Bavarian character, for fear of losing its immediate and regular public, while suiting the taste of its distant and chance public. This rule is exemplified by the fate of a paper published at Dusseldorf, which seemed for a long time to give promise of a long and glorious career. It was illustrated by some of the leading artists of the Dusseldorf school, by men like Achenbach, who hold the first rank among the landscape painters of Germany; Lessing, Hildebrandt, and Hubert, who are nearly as high among the historical painters; and Hassenclever, whose picture of "Job before the Examiners" is in the gallery of modern works at Munich, and has already received its meed of praise in a book by the present writer.—But with all these able supporters, the Dusseldorf paper languished. It was the old story of all the talents. The best illustrations were not those of the greatest artists, some of the promised names never made their appearance, and some that did were sadly disappointing. Achenbach's small engravings were scratchy, extravagant, and unmeaning; his large lithographs were not equal to those of less famous painters. One of the best of the cartoons was Scheuren's "Idyllic landscape," a pretty cottage, with romantic gables, balconies overgrown with luxuriant creepers, and trellised summer houses at the side.—But when you looked closer, you saw that the life of the cottage was anything rather than idyllic; one half of the inmates was turning out the other half, there was a fight with pitchforks, brooms and beer-jugs; hats were flying off, or their owners were bonneted with them; dogs barked and cooks crew; one woman belabored her husband with a water-jug, and another emptied another jug from the vine-clad window upon the combatants below. Such a picture is highly significant of the life of Germany, which, when seen from a distance, is so idyllic as to impress on many, but which comes out in such a different light under the critical microscope.

However, the general public of Germany could not appreciate the Dusseldorf caricatures. One of the jokes in the paper itself was typical of its career. In defining theory and practice, it had said that there were three classes of people—the theoretical, who understand a thing, but can't do it; the practical, who do a thing, but can't understand it; and the theoretico-practical, who can neither understand a thing nor do it. The Dusseldorf paper began by understanding what was wanted when it engaged great artists to supply its illustrations. It did what was wanted when it kept on the names of the great artists, and got good illustrations from those who had to make their names. But it passed into the third stage when the names remained, but the excellence vanished, and the end was that it expired in the twelfth year of its existence. Had the Munich paper of which I have spoken pursued the same course, it would long ago have met the same fate. But the Munich paper saw that it must not shrink from being local. Luckily the Bavarians have a

more pronounced character than any other of the German races. What with the genuine Munichers who cannot see beyond their glass of beer, their amusements, and their loyalty; what with the peasants, the officials, the railways, and the Prussians, there is a large though rude field for caricature open to the Bavarian, which would be closed to the Saxon or the Rhinelander.

Perhaps the ways of the peasants are the most fitted for comic illustration. The peasant character is admirably portrayed in the Baroness Tautphoeus' novel of "Quits": it is apt to be idealised away in the German novels which profess to deal with it. The roughness and niggardliness of the peasants, combined with some honest virtues, especially those which cost nothing, and a great deal of simplicity and good-heartedness, chiefly in those who are not proprietors, lend themselves admirably to dramatic or pictorial treatment, while they disgust us with those Arcadian fancy pieces that abound in literature. Any nature, however bad, is better than perversion of nature. There are many points in the character of the Bavarian peasantry which redeem their faults; there are certainly points which make people never tired of studying the character. The artist's task is greatly simplified when he has such peculiarities to work upon. As an example I will take the way in which a German caricaturist treats an attack of toothache. We can compare his version with that "imagined by Horace Mayhew, and realised by George Cruikshank." Not only is the German toothache much ruder as regards art than the English, but it introduces personages so much more absurd that everything about them seems funny, and the toothache, the remedies, and the process of extraction, which are the soul of the English work, sink into insignificance in the German. When we see the peasant seated at his simple meal, and eating out of the same dish as his wife, we think more of the peasant's spindle-shanks and turned-up nose, his jacket which ends some way above the beginning of his trousers, and the curious figure he cuts generally, than of the scene itself, and the light it throws on the domestic life of the peasantry. Then, when the pain of the toothache seizes him, and he dances about the room, smoking the tooth, drinking from a spirit bottle, plunging his head in a tub of water leaning his head against the stove, beating his wife, knocking his head against the wall, getting into bed with three mattresses and four pillows on top of him, kicking them all off and standing on his head, and, lastly, crawling under the bed, we think all the time of the comical figure, not of the absurdity of the remedies. It is much the same when the man finds his way to the village doctor, a lank figure in a flowered dressing-gown, with a long pipe in his mouth, which never quits that place during the whole operation. The doctor produces a sort of hooked instrument, which he sticks into the tooth; there is a sort of tusse, and the peasant rolls over on the floor, while the doctor stands up triumphantly, with the hollow tooth on the point of his hook.

All this requires but little drawing, no knowledge of anatomy, and not much study of human nature. Peasants do dress very much in that way; village doctors might live in flowered dressing-gowns, and smoke an endless pipe. But if you take a higher grade of civilization for your scene, you are forbidden all these aids, and thrown much more on your own resources. We see this when the German caricaturists leave the peasants for the city life, whether of Munich or of other parts of Germany. Of course, a great many of the Munich caricatures turn on beer, but there are even more devoted to what I may call *les petites misères de la vie à Munich*, if that name be not a profanation of Parisian life and Balzac. One of the chief of these miseries is connected with houses and landlords. "You must not receive visits," says the landlord in one caricature, "your friends have muddy boots, and bring dirt into the house. Either cease to receive your friends or pay me an increased rent." "You must not open the windows," says the landlady who keeps furnished lodgings; "the dust flies in and spoils my things. Either keep your windows shut, or pay me so much more rent for the damage to my furniture." These are petty worries, but they are felt severely in a petty town. Nor are the larger towns exempt from larger worries. One of the most amusing series of caricatures in the Munich paper is devoted to the plagues of Prussian soldiers and Prussian views about nobility. The Prussian major's idea of heaven is that it is a place peculiarly set apart for his order. He makes a military salute to St. Peter on being admitted, there is a grand review in his honor, with King David conducting a Prussian military band and the day ends with a grand *battue* of democrats and an inspection of the infernal regions, which are peopled exclusively by the Berlin Chamber of Deputies. It is needless to add, that this caricature could not have appeared in Prussia.

However, as a rule, German caricatures would not hurt the people against whom they are aimed. If the German artist wishes to imply that towns are not lighted as well as they might be, he can only venture on an allegorical picture of owls making their nests on the tops of the gas lamps. That the people are as much in fault as the officials is implied from a series of pictures. The magistrates of a certain town decreed that it should be lighted, and the crier was sent round to order all the inhabitants to hang out lanterns. In the first picture we see the inhabitants hanging out lanterns, but without candles in them. Report was made to the magistrates, and the crier was sent round again, ordering the inhabitants to hang out lanterns and put candles in them. The second picture shows us the in-

habitants hanging out lanterns and putting candles in them, but not lighting the candles. The crier was sent round a third time, and the inhabitants were ordered to hang out lanterns, put candles in them, and light the candles. We find the difference in the third picture—so did the town.

This stupidity of the citizens excuses in some degree the insolence as well as the tardiness of the officials. But while the comic papers see no reason for sparing the former vice, they are led by their native affinities to look benignantly on the second. They do not attempt to flatter the high postal official who rejects a candidate for employment because he cannot speak French, a knowledge of which has become an indispensable qualification in all German post-offices. Next moment a Frenchman put his head in at the window, and addresses the old official with, "Excusez, Monsieur, veulez vous—" — "Nir wullen," roars the official; "if you want anything in a German post-office you must speak German." But their treatment of delay is very different. The artist wants to show that two travellers have been waiting three weeks for their luggage. He draws them accordingly, with telescopes to their eyes, watching the course of the train that is bringing it; and the slowness of the train is forced upon our mind by the exact reproduction of the same caricature in three successive numbers. The force of mildness could no further go.

And yet this force of mildness is more or less typical of the Germans. I said in the outset of this paper that we were not to judge their caricatures from an English point of view, though it may have been necessary to illustrate their deficiencies by a reference to the things in which we differ from them. Many of the caricatures which I have cited will have answered the purpose of throwing light on German character and circumstances. They will show, too, what is still more important, that many of the Germans are alive to the faults which have been pointed out and insisted upon by foreigners, but which had little chance of being reformed till they were forced on the attention of the nation.

E. WILBERFORCE.

From the London Saturday Review.

HOMICIDAL HEROINES.

The authors and authoresses of the day are going in for crimes of every description, from murder downwards, in a manner that is most startling, and Mr. Mudie's lending library will soon become a sort of Newgate Calendar. What with lovely murderers, and accomplished bigamists, and spies, and forgers and here and there an occasional attorney who is on their trail, works of romance seem in a fair way to be very lively reading before long. The effect produced on sensible and unimaginative people ought to be to render them suspicious of their nearest acquaintances. The young lady who is kind enough to teach one's daughters French and music looks and talks like an ordinary being; but it is very likely, if we only knew all, that she has got a murderer in manuscript in her bedroom, at the elaboration of whose career she is working all her spare hours, and through the vivid delineation of whose amatory and homicidal performances she hopes herself to attain to literary fame. It is difficult to believe how anybody who is to all outward appearance so harmless, and who takes her meals with such regularity, can be engaged in the manufacture of all the frightful sentiments and harrowing plots to the production of which she retires, for anything we can tell, when the music lessons and the French are over for the day. If the authoress was in the habit of depicting criminals in tragedy costume, with cloaks over their shoulders and daggers peeping from underneath, haunting some lonely wayside inn or galloping across country on the back of some spirited horse, one would not be so much surprised. Such would seem the natural accessories of horror in which feminine fancy dresses great culprits. But this is not at all the conventional thing. Romantic writers have far too much *esprit vif* to make their murderers or murderers do anything so outlandish or absurd. That was the fault of taste committed by writers of an older date who did not know the world, and were always thinking that criminals went about with a dagger or a bow. Experience of life teaches the fair novelist, as well as her masculine rivals, that if one wished to find crime, one had not got to go to the wayside inns, or to watch for shadows alongside garden walls, or to listen for a stealthy footstep on the staircase when the clock is striking midnight; nor can she expect to catch her criminal hero or heroine in modern times performing in this violent and affected style. The murderer of romance now-a-days wears Balmoral boots, and goes religiously to kettle-drums. Her beauty is the most dazzling of all the beauty in the ball room; her step the lightest, and her smile the sweetest in the waltz. She loves and is beloved, and the husbands who in the first volume lead to the altar the fair innocent creature of nineteen will discover years after, and in the third volume, that before he married her she had already had, and possibly put an end to, a husband or so in private, forged perhaps a casual will, and led the county police a dance for a whole week. The mixture of crime and crinoline gives a reality to the story that is enough to take away the breath of any quiet middle-aged gentleman who takes up such great works of fiction. He knows, from imaginative people like Shakespeare and others, how poison is supposed to be administered in high fictitious life; that some prince catches another prince sleeping in a bower, and pours it in his ear, or that some beautiful Lucretia, after a festal banquet, hands a jewelled

goblet containing it to a faithless lover. On the Turf, and among the lower classes, he is aware indeed that the operation is performed in a less theatrical way; but as he is neither a prince, nor a faithless lover, nor a Dove, nor a Palmer, he concludes that he is tolerably safe and at some distance from all such stirring incidents. But when he peruses the latest novel from the circulating library he is recalled to a sense of his insecure position. Bowers and poisoned goblets are all moonshine and nonsense. The thing is done every day much more simply, and with less ostentation, at a picnic. Blanche finished off Augustus when she handed him the cold pigeon pie with a joke about his appetite, and a hope that he would tell her if he felt inclined for more. When Marion stayed behind ostensibly to gather a wild rose in the hedge, she was in reality delayed for a minute or so in the occupation of stabbing Reginald and burying his body in a ditch. When she skips up, rose in hand, a quarter of an hour later, her laugh is just as genial as ever, and she will distribute five o'clock tea to her friends the same afternoon without a cloud on her sweet sunny brow. Such is the teaching of the novel of the age. A quiet man thinks all this very terrible, and opines that the book must have been written by a she fiend. Nothing of the kind. It has been written by the wife of the curate in an adjoining parish, or by a clever governess, or an amiable blue stocking, whose time hangs heavy on her hands, and who composes this sort of thing when she is tired of composing hymns. It would indeed be unjust to represent the literary performances of this kind as coming from feminine pens only. Male writers turn out lovely murderers also, but not so well got up, or so quaint or so dashing, and they cannot at best, help making their heroine look a little ghastly in spite of all effort. The homicidal heroine of Armadale—with respect to Mr. Wilkie Collins be it spoken—is not so fresh or so virginal or so natural as, let us say, Miss Braddon would have made her. *Dux feminæ facti.* Authoresses have led off in this line of late years, and any attempt on the part of authors to cope with or to imitate them is visited with the failure it deserves. The pic-nic and poison school is a feminine school of art, though masculine proselytes are admitted. This makes it all the more bewildering, as we have said, to ordinary observers. Assuming that incidents of this kind are not the more real or common because they are so commonly described what are we to think of the imagination that loves to brood on them? In what strange grooves has feminine genius begun to travel?

The three volume homicidal heroine may or may not have been, in the beginning, an attempt to introduce into the educated market an article which has been found productive of much emolument in a lower walk of literature, by the London *Journal* and other periodicals of the sort. If so, the adventure has been justified by success. If Belgravian and Mayfair did not tolerate tales of murder and of moonshine, the leading libraries would cease to patronise them; and the homicidal heroine, after walking the literary market in vain, would be compelled to fall back into her accustomed columns in the penny weeklies. As long as she fetes off a prior in higher circles, she will continue to be produced with a rapidity and facility that is in itself a mark of some cleverness. Looking at the phenomenon from the economical point of view, its occurrence is capable therefore of explanation. As it is in other things, so it is in three-volume novels. The supply keeps pace with the sale, and if the table-talk of Asmodeus would sell, whole editions of it would be written, printed, and published without any serious difficulty. But there are doubtless other causes that account for the manufacture of homicidal heroines. A romance must have something to hang itself upon. It may turn on the delineation, whether humorous or sentimental, of the shades of human life and character, or it may depend on the delineation of passion, or, lastly, it may be strong in incident of a sensational kind; but it must be one of three, or it is no romance at all. The gift of knowledge of the shades of life and character is not an ordinary one. It presupposes in the fortunate possessor either a keen observation of men and manners, coupled with some experience of both, or else, in some singular and exceptional cases, a rich and sensitive imagination which makes up for want of experience of life by drawing on its own admirable resources.

A real artist who labors at this class of creations does not necessarily attempt a universal portrait of mankind. If wise, he bounds his ambition by his powers or his experience, and confines himself to what he has studied, or seen or felt himself. Within narrow limits, therefore, women are often really successful in this line. They cannot photograph the wide world; for one-hundredth part of its follies or vices or pursuits, unless they are unusually unlucky, they never can have observed. But give a first-rate authoress her own village or her own fireside, which she has seen, and she will produce upon them an admirable and occasionally a humorous work. The creators of homicidal heroines are debarred from this field of operation for the simple reason that they have, as a rule, neither delicacy of perception nor humor. The homicidal heroine never comes to us in the shape of the heroine of a character novel, and no ray of humor ever penetrates into the pages that are devoted to the chronicling of her exploits. She would find herself more in place in a romance which turned upon human passion. Passion stands nearer to crime than humor or sentiment does, and Medea or Clytemnestra or Lady Macbeth would serve as heroines, either in a passionate or a purely sensational piece. But the authoress who deals in homicidal heroines is met here again by the old difficulty. To

draw any passion in a refined way requires refinement. It is no use dressing up lust or vanity or revenge in crinoline, or in uniform, and calling it a human being. To be a successful picture, the lust or the vanity, or whatever in short is the passion to be portrayed, ought to be superinduced upon a real substratum of human character—not to be made, in a naked sort of way, to stand as the whole of the character itself. Othello is not jealousy, nor is Ophelia love. The former is a man overwhelmed with jealousy, and the latter is a woman, if not a lady, underneath all her affection. To make a good passionate romance, one ought accordingly to be able to construct a man or woman, after doing which one may put the passion on. The homicidal-heroine school have not shown that they can draw a man or woman, and no attempts at giving with fidelity the shrieks or the extravagant gestures of passion would ever make up for the deficiency. They are thrown back, accordingly, on the last remaining resource—that of supplying in incident what is wanting in sentiment, humor, and passion. And when they are thus driven to incident, and incident alone, they ought not, perhaps, to be severely blamed for liking to have their incident of a good downright startling kind. As the firing is to consist entirely of blank cartridge, they prudently put plenty of powder in, or else there would be no bang.

The least examination of the sensational romances which we are discussing will show even a superficial critic that they are devoid of the qualities that are to be found in better works. It is not merely that they are sensational. They are without humor, and unfinished as sketches of character and life. It is to a certain extent providential that it should be so. Heaven, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, also fits the workman for his task. Homicidal heroines could not be turned out by humorous writers. Such writers would be shocked at the extravagance of their own conceptions, and common sense and humor would tone the heroine down till she was hardly homicidal, or at all events hardly sensational at all. Becky Sharp, in *Vanity Fair*, is an instance in point. Mr. Thackeray's humor enabled him to put her into a novel without making the novel ridiculous or sensational. Take away Mr. Thackeray's humor and knowledge of character, and Becky Sharp would soon approximate to the Aurora Floyd or the Miss Gwilt of the day. As it is, she is as unlike them as a human being is unlike a ghoul. A strong proof of the inferiority of the modern article is afforded by the blunders in matters of detail into which the homicidal-heroine-maker almost invariably falls. Having to do with murderers and murderers, he has naturally something to say to the police and to the law. Now it so happens that the procedure of a criminal court of justice is by no means complicated. A very little trouble and attention would be enough to familiarize anybody with it. Yet the homicidal-heroine-maker never seems able to take this simple trouble, such as it is. His judges and his counsel and his attorneys are as little like the real thing as his murderers and murderers are like the murderers and murderers that figure in the dock. Balzac would have been twenty times as careful over details that played a far less striking part in his story. The accuracy of Balzac in minutiae is often overrated, but, taken at its lowest, it is wonderful enough, considering the range of subjects which he has handled. The result is that the homicidal heroine cannot even succeed in being brought to justice with decent regularity. Deprive her of this last accessory, and, as she is not set off humorously or characteristically, or even as real criminals are set off, with proper legal formalities, what is she, and what is the novel that tell us about her, at the best? It has certainly a plot, and often an ingenious one. But for this it would be a simple waxwork show. Two kinds of amusement are, however, to be derived from it—first, the amusement deducible from a clever conundrum or charade; and, secondly, the amusement that can be had for a shilling at Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. If Madame Tussaud could contrive a series of wax-work figures which would begin by looking like virtuous and lovely waxworks, and end by turning into wax murderers, she would have accomplished in wax all that homicidal-heroine-makers accomplish ordinarily upon paper. As a matter of taste, we prefer the waxwork, to the murderers with Balmoral boots and devilish eyes that stare at the public on of so many works of fiction. They are quite as natural, and they do not degrade literature. Nor are they laughable, although they may be monstrous; which cannot be said of all the crime and crinoline to which we are daily introduced with extraordinary gravity, and even comical solemnity, by some writers of the present generation.

(From the London Press.)

MRS. BROWN LOSES A DOG.

I did say as I never would have a dog for to darken my doors, but when Brown brought it in I must say I never see such a beauty, as is called Sikey, though its wrote on the collar "Phizic," as plain as can be, but I suppose that's what it is in French, where it come from.

I never see a lovelier coat than the croetur had got, as soft as silk, with a eye as seemed for to beam on you, as the sayin' is. I never did see such a dog in a house; no trouble no ways, except a nasty 'abit of gnawin' things, as I very soon cured it on.

I'm sure that dog know'd what I was a-thinkin' about, with a temper like a lamb, or else our east never would have took to it as she did, though a mother herself through me 'avin' saved two beautiful kittens, one a tabby and the other a black, as is

both promised, for parties as knows me is glad to have a cat out of my house.

I'm sure the way as that dog took to them kittens if he'd been their own uncle he couldn't have been kinder, though at times more free than welcome, as the sayin' is, through a-takin' them out of the basket whenever the mother had turned her back, as was a good mother I must say.

Brown was always at me about not overfeeding that dog, and I'm sure I never did, not as he were a greedy dog, nor ever touched the cat's dinner, as I consider honorable, and might make many a Christian blush, as I've known take mean advantages at my own table in helpin' themselves to the best, a-thinkin' me to be unawares.

The trouble as I took with washin' and combin' that dog nobody wouldn't believe, as knowed Friday by his instinct, and would hide in the copper-hole, for I must say as I did take a pride in his coat, as alone like silver, and not a tangle in it, and wouldn't have trusted him to our Lazarus, as is too hasty in her ways.

Well, I must say as I was anxious about the animal, for Brown was a-talkin' constant about that dog bein' lost, "For," says he, "there's money in him." I says, "Well, then, if he should be lost through my fault I'll find him."

I don't think it was three weeks after as I'd said it when one day I wanted to go as far as the Wandsworth-road, and took the dog with me, through a-thinkin' as the poor thing were a-pinnin' for exercise.

I'm sure I can't a-bear lookin' after a dog, for turnin' round constant don't suit me, but I'd had it out once or twice quite safe, and so hadn't no fears, and certainly he followed beautiful, till all of a minute I looked round and he was gone. I stared again, for I thought he must have flowed away, and then I says to myself, "He's been and run into a shop or somewhere." So I stops and calls "Sikey, Sikey," till parties asked me what I'd lost, and one young chap with his impudence told me I'd better whistle for him I'm sure I was up and down that road two good hours, but not a vestment of him could I see, and as it was a-gettin' dusk I give him up. I could have cried when I got home, and Brown was put out, for we really felt quite lonesome without the poor thing.

I says, "I'll have bills and offer five shillings reward." He says, "Don't be a fool, you'll never get him back for five pounds."

I says, "If I know'd he was that valuable he never should have moved but with a collar and string."

Well, there, he was gone more than ten days when I was a-mentionin' of my loss to Mr. Rawlinson, as keeps the "Risin' Sun," as says to me, "Why ever don't you apply to the bishop for him."

I says, "What's the bishop got to do with lost dogs?" "Oh," he says, "everythin'. Why, bless you, he's got Acts of Parliaments for 'em, and there ain't a dog-stealer in London as don't quake at his name."

I says, "Wherever he to be found, bless him?" Says he, "In Bond-street, that's where he's bishop of."

I says, "Oh, indeed; but," I says, "won't it be a liberty in me for to go and speak to a bishop about my dog, as is unbeknown to his lordship?" He says, "Not at all."

I says, "What's the number?" Says he, "Ask any one when you gets there, everybody knows him and everyone looks up to him." I says, "I'm there the first thing to-morrow."

I didn't say nothin' to Brown, through wantin' for to surprise him in bringin' the dog back with me, but off I went by the West-end bus, as put me down in Piccadilly, and soon found my way to Bond street, as I walks up till I meets a policeman, as I asked for to direct me to the bishop's. "Bishop of what?" says he.

"Why, of Bond-street, of course," says I. "Oh," he says, there it is, and him a-standin' in the doorway.

A noble figger with a apron on like the driven snow, as I've heard say bishops always wears. Of all the kind parties as ev'er I see he was the kindest. He felt for me like a father over that dog.

"Ah," he says, "my dear, I've had losses myself, heavy losses; but," he says, "I'll try and help you. Walk in," says he.

I did walk in, as is noble premises, and the guns all about the place, as, of course, is a terror to them dog-stealers. Well, he showed me his dogs, as is pictures, and told me how he'd lost a hanged, through a fancy old maid a-takin' it into her head as it was a rabbit, and had it destroyed.

She must have been a fool I should say, and wanted lookin' up herself, as nobody wouldn't be safe with; but with all his kindness he wasn't able to throw no lights over my dog. So I says, "I turns you many thanks for you kindness; for," I says, "kind you are and a feelin' heart," for I could see as tears was a comin' into his eyes when he spoke of his loss; and, bless you, the place full of the very first lords in the land, as he showed me himself a duke as he nuse'd a baby, and pr'aps 've christened, not as he carries on the bishop now through havin' retired, but he's a noble-arter'd man as ever I see.

I was a-goin' home with a 'cavy 'art, and a-walkin' slow down Parliament Street for the bus to overtakin' me, when what should I see in a man's arms but the very dog itself.

Well, just as I come up he puts it down for to light his pipe. I gives a chirrup like for to make sure as it were the dog. The animal looked up and know'd me. I pounces on him and ketches hold of his neck.

"Let my dog alone," says the fellow, a-scoolin' at me. "Shan't," says I, "it ain't your dog."

"It is," says he. "You're a falsehood," says I, for it's mine."

Well, I'd got the dog that tight as he couldn't jerk it out of my hand, and there was plenty of people a-passin' as stopped.

"What's the row?" says a fellar. "Why, this old female's tryin' to grab my dog," says the other.

"And she's a-goin' to grab it, too," says I, "Are you?" says he.

"Yes," says I, "and here's the police," and up one come in the very nick. I says, "Policeman, this is my dog as I lost last Thursday week in the Wandsworth Road, as this fellar has got." The man says, "Who are you a-callin' a fellar? I tell you this dog is the property of a gentleman in St. John's Wood as lost it on Friday, and I've got it back for him."

I says, "Policeman, it's all lies," I says, "I'll swear to the dog." I says, "My name is Brown, I'll give you my address."

So he wrote it down, and asks the man the gentleman's address in St. John's Wood, as he said he'd forgot, but know'd the house. Says the policeman, "Walker."

If you'd seen them two fellars step it at that you'd ave smiled, as was reg'lar roughs, and that dog got that dirty as I don't think any one would have know'd him with a bit of rope round his throat, as had been evident tied up. I was that pleased as to 'ave a cab, and so got home just before Brown, and to see that dog jump over him when he come in it was for all the world like a Christian, and I do believe as the cat was as glad to see him back as any of us.

About a day or two after up comes a brougham to the door, and out gets a young lady, leastways she was dressed handsome, but when she opened her mouth she split it all through her talkin' that loud, with her face painted and floured up, as I could see though she did keep her wail down, as I consider rude in speakin' to any one. So she bounced up to the door, and says, "I want to see Mrs. Brown." I says, "By all means," through bein' at the parlor door. I says, "Walk in."

She says, "I've called about that dog." "What dog?" says I.

"The one you claimed on Monday in Parliament Street," she says, "it's mine." I says, "Beggin' your pardon, it ain't."

She says, "A friend of mine gave it me on Saturday; he paid five pounds for it, and it was stolen before three o'clock the same day. The poor man you met with it was bringin' home to me when you took it from him." I says, "A poor man he may be, but he's a thief, for he's robbed you as well as me. Why," I says, "how could he know about the dog bein' yourn in the time?"

"Oh," she says, "my friend sent a red-coat man down from the club into Westminster Saturday night to ferret it out, and he came and told me he was on the track Sunday mornin'." "Well," I says, "tracks on a Sunday may be all very well for them as likes 'em, but that man is a thief, tracks or no tracks."

"Come," she says, "Mrs. Brown, you're a dear jolly old soul, you'll let me have the dog." "Not if I know's it," says I.

"What will you take for him?" "Nothin'," says I.

"Then," she says, "I'll summons you and make you give it up. You call people thieves, look at home," she says. "Now," I says, "my good girl, you keep a civil tongue in your head, and take yourself off, or I'll have a policeman in, for I do believe you're one of the gang."

She bounced out of the place a-wowin' wenageance, as I says, "Let her have, but she don't get that dog for all her impudence, as is no doubt one of a gang of swindlers, as goes dashin' about dressed up for to take parties in, but I ain't such a fool as I looks, as the sayin' is, and if they gets hold on Sikey agin they may keep it."

(From the Saturday Press.)

THE CONUNDRUM IN THE COUNTRY.

A few years ago, I bought a pleasant place of some twenty acres, on the Hudson river, about thirty miles above the city. I have since regretted that I did not purchase a lot and build a house in the heart of the Adirondacks; for my ideas of the rest, relaxation and country comfort to be enjoyed in my rural home have received so many rude shocks that they at one time nearly crumbled to pieces. The first summer I spent there, was as agreeable as my anticipations had painted it. Alone, most of the time, I passed my days under the trees, and upon my verdant pastures. With my pipe in my mouth and with a bundle of recently received conundrums, or perhaps a few old favorites, I enjoyed to the utmost, my absolute rest and freedom from the annoyances which must beset a quiet man in a great city. I loved the twitter and chirp of the birds, and to me they afforded a delight not known to those who have always been dwellers in the country. Unversed as I was in practical ornithology, I accepted their songs as musical enigmas, and spent hours in endeavoring to guess whether the warbler was a robin, a wren or a catbird.

Although familiar with the medical properties of most plants, the flowers that I saw around were to me unsolved puzzles. I had long since made out the rose and the dandelion, but most of the others grew up without their answers attached, so far as I was concerned.

My delightful quiet was disturbed, I believe, but upon one occasion.

It was a beautiful morning in July, a gentle wind tempered the warmth of the air, and spread the perfume from the garden over the green fields where I

was wont to take my *outdoor* rambles. Everything was quiet and at rest, excepting the wayward butterflies and the thoughtless grass-hoppers.

Even the birds were winking and nodding on the gently swaying branches, and as I walked down the path I had worn from the house to my favorite tree I could but think that the shining hours were not capable of improvement, even by the busy bees of the pious Dr. Watts. I had not reached my umbraeous haunt when I perceived, beneath the tree, the unusual spectacle of a young lady. I soon recognized her as the daughter of my neighbor Tandom, and as I knew her to be as intelligent and witty as she was lovely, and as lovely as the birds and flowers, I was quite pleased with the idea of a social chat. But on nearing her, I saw that she was in trouble of some kind. Her face flushed and turned pale by turns and she seemed endeavoring to do something, or go somewhere and to be unable to succeed. I accosted her as cheerfully as my anxiety would allow, and soon discovered that she had become apparently hopelessly entangled in the meshes of a conundrum that I had carelessly left beneath the tree the day before. I endeavored to release her from her thrall, soothing and encouraging her the while, but for the life of me I could not remember the solution.

"Wait here a few minutes," I cried, "and I will run up to the house and get the answer."

She made a reply which I did not hear, as I hurried away, unwilling to keep her in her dilemma a moment longer than was necessary. The day was warm, and the breeze seemed to have died away, and as I am rather stout, I was bathed in perspiration by the time I reached the house. I snatched up the package of conundrums which I had been considering the day before, and hastened back, endeavoring, on the way, to select the key by which I could deliver my unfortunate young friend. But when I had approached the tree I saw that she was not there, having doubtless guessed the conundrum and gladly escaped. Pretty little thing! Had I been a younger man, I would have spread many a trap for her. She was caught a few months ago, by a young lawyer and is now engaged in the solution of the enigma, "which are the pleasantest, the buds of youth or the flowers of love?"

Ah me!

Now that I am on the subject of annoyances, I remember that there was one other occasion, (trifling to be sure) during this first summer at "Spring Cottage" when my quiet was somewhat disturbed.

I was sitting under a large apple tree in my orchard and had just guessed at the number of seeds in a handsome pippin, which I was cutting open to see if my answer was correct, when I heard approaching footsteps, and turning, saw, coming towards me, a young fellow with whose father, (a farmer of the neighborhood) I had had considerable dealings.

"Good morning, Doctor," said he.

"Good morning Samuel, what can I do for you today?"

"Well sir," said he, rather bashfully, "I don't want to trouble you anymore than I can help, but I thought that perhaps you could tell me of something that would do for sours."

"I should be a poor doctor if I could not tell you that, Samuel. There are many things that would do—simple cerate, for instance, but where is your sore?"

"Ah!" he cried—"cerate, cerate,"—simple cerate! I don't think that will do, sir—you couldn't work that right, anyway you could fix it."

"That's for me to decide, Samuel," said I firmly, "just tell me first, where you have a sore?"

"Oh sir," he said "I don't mean that—I wan't something that will do instead of 'soars'—"

"Well, a whole skin is the best thing I know of."

"You've got it all wrong, sir. This is what I want—I have nearly manufactured a conundrum."

"Oh! a conundrum," I cried.

"Yes sir, it is this, 'when is an eagle like a carpenter?'"

Ans.—"When it soars o'er plains." Now you see sir, that is good enough as a spoken riddle, but it won't do to write, for "soars" isn't "saws" you see. I have been trying for the last week to get the thing into better shape, but somehow I couldn't do it, and so came to you, knowing your skill in such things."

"Well Samuel" said I "If you come to my office in the city sometime next fall, I shall be glad to give you all the help I can, but I can do nothing for you here during the summer. I came here to rest, and have entirely given up professional duties of the enigmatical kind—so you must not be offended if I decline to doctor up your conundrum."

I then engaged him in conversation on rural matters and we soon parted company. But I was troubled to think that even here, in my retreat, I could not have the opportunity of thinking and doing exactly as I pleased, without appearing churlish to my friends.

Little did I expect what I should have to undergo during the next summer. Then it was, that my real troubles began. Those who had been in the habit of visiting my office in the city, found out my retreat, and came in such numbers, every fine day, during the first part of the season, that my studies and pleasures were entirely broken up.

In vain I tried every expedient I could devise. Dogs and morose servants could not deter them, and they got in spite of gates with latches of rare contrivance. I tried the plan of locking the gate at the road, but as the servants had to go and see who asked admission every time they heard a knock (for I had friends I would not have excluded upon any consideration) and as they were often unable to resist

the arguments—generally pecuniary, I presume so, of the many eager applicants, this plan soon proved to be no better than the rest.

I had then a patent gate placed at the entrance to my grounds, the secret of which I confided to a select circle of friends, pledging them to silence on the subject. As a high wall separated my place from the public road, and the gate (which by the pressure of an unobservable spring sank into the ground, and rose again in precisely thirty seconds), showed no signs of latch or lock, I enjoyed immunity from annoyance for about ten days. Unfortunately about this time, the rector of the parish Reverend Doctor Malvolio, having paid me a visit, was leaving the place. He touched the spring, the gate sank and he passed through, but just then he remembered something, I suppose that he wished to say to me, and stepped back again, pausing for an instant in the gateway. At the expiration of its half-minute, up came the gate and taking the Rev. Dr. astride of it, hoisted him high into the air. I saw the accident from the house and hurried down to apologize and release him, but he has not been to see me since.

Shortly after this a similar accident having occurred to Mrs. Belvidere Montarsin, the wife of the lawyer of the village and the leader of the society in the vicinity, her husband sent me such a note the next day that I found I should have to abolish the gate or suffer a lawsuit. So I had the thing removed, and after days and nights of thought and perplexity, hit upon a brilliant idea, which I immediately put into execution, and which for the short time that I remained after its completion, answered my purpose to a charm, and will, I hope, continue to do so during the coming summer.

I had a gate made, with an alphabetical combination lock, which, being locked by a certain arrangement of letters, could only be opened by the same. The key was attached by a chain to the gate, and full directions for its use were posted up.

On the arch above the gate, I placed an enigma, and the initials of the words in the answer to this formed the combination which would open the lock.

As before my few friends received the answer, and I very justly considered that should any one guess the riddle, they ought to be made welcome for their ingenuity. The conundrum, I concluded, must not be of the modern style as that would generally necessitate too many words in the answer. It must be simple, yet difficult—I selected the following:

"Why is this gate, when you open it, like the sixth chapter of Genesis?"

Now I supposed, that those who would be likely to solve this enigma, would be staid and well-read persons, whose conversation would be profitable and interesting, while the mass of would-be visitors who came to be amused or to sell their productions, and have no idea of what the sixth chapter of Genesis referred to, and not having a Bible on their persons would be completely at fault; and before they would be likely to pay me a second, I should have changed my conundrum, which I intended to do, as often as it should seem requisite.

As I said before, the plan succeeded admirably and I often used to conceal myself behind the wall about the time that the boat from the city had stopped at the village landing, and listen to the desperate efforts of the little crowd that was pretty certain to soon reach the gate.

I am sorry that I have not time to give some of the strange answers that these people concocted. None of them, however, hit upon the correct solution, which was very simple, being—"Because it describes an arc."

And the letters B, I, D, A, A, opened the gate.

ANDREW SOOGIN.

(From London Post.)

CROON FOR THE CRADLE.

Few well I recollect the rhymes,
The ballads of my cradle times,

O Nurseries!

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The offices of the SATURDAY PRESS have been removed from No. 64 Nassau Street to No. 9 Spruce Street, one door below the TRIBUNE BUILDINGS.

HOW TO AVOID THE CHOLERA.

1. Don't get it on the brain, and, to this end, avoid reading the daily papers.
2. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts.
3. Every morning and evening read a chapter of Artemus Ward or Josh Billings.
4. Whenever you have nothing else to do, take a bath.
5. Avoid political assemblages, and if you are fond of Clubs, try Kehoe's.
6. Work "eight hours a day"—and more if you feel like it.
7. Go to no place of amusement which "advertises in the HERALD."
8. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening.
9. Be above-ground in all your dwellings, and above-board in all your dealings.
10. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you.
11. Eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, and sleep when you are sleepy; but be careful what you eat, what you drink, and where you sleep.
12. Avoid the stock-exchange, but be constant to the stocking-exchange. (Rather obscure this, but consult Union Adams about it.)
13. Avoid public conveyances even if you are driven to the necessity of making use of your legs and walking two or three miles a day!
14. Avoid long dresses (this, to the women) and leave the sweeping of the streets to the city contractors.
15. Tell the doctors that "whenever they come within a mile of your house, they are welcome to stay there all night."
16. Keep clear of the Fenians.
17. Don't get scared before you are hurt—nor even then.
18. Get your life insured.
19. Make your will.
20. Renew your subscription to the SATURDAY PRESS.

One of the principal effects of the new liquor law will be to greatly increase the quantity of intoxicating drinks consumed in private houses, without perceptibly diminishing the quantity consumed in public houses. The custom of keeping such drinks in the family has, for the last twenty years, been gradually dying out. The object of the new law would seem to be to re-establish this custom: whether the cause of temperance will gain or lose by the process, is a problem which we fear will be solved at a much earlier date than is generally supposed. It is an easy thing to shut up a hundred or two small liquor shops; but to prevent their customers from drinking is quite another affair, and one which it has been found rather difficult to manage. The country legislators who propose to themselves to diminish the number of drinkers in New York are, for the most part, pretty hard drinkers themselves, and all their past efforts in the nominal interest of sobriety have indicated that peculiar feebleness of intellect which might be expected to result from more or less intemperate habits.

Among the pictures rejected recently by the Academy, there is said to be one entitled "The Portrait of Grant—after Lee."

The next thing in order in Washington will be to reconstruct the Committee on reconstruction, so that it may be constructed in such a manner that it will not have to be reconstructed again and that the reconstruction of the Union may take place within the period, say, that would be required to reconstruct the Universe.

The British navy, putting the Valparaiso affair aside, is falling more and more into disrepute. A few more years, and the old song of "Britannia rules the waves," will dwindle into "Britannia rules the waifs"—and be hardly true at that.

We beg to inform our correspondent "Trefoil," that before doing anything for the "movement to deliver Ireland from the British Yoke" we should like to do something towards a movement for delivering New York from the Irish Yoke.

A correspondent asks why certain persons are so crazy as to insist that the blacks shall be included in the pale of society. We decline to answer, for fear we shall be caught in the trap of a conundrum.

(For the Saturday Press.)
AMONG THE CLUBBISTS.

GREAT KEHOE CELEBRATION.

Learned doctors—Dr. O. W. Holmes, for example, and Dr. Dio Lewis—have presented the world with treatises on the benefits derivable from gymnastic exercises.

They said their say.

They exhausted the subject of biceps and triceps, and, like doctors as they are, they ran the idea of flexors and extensors into the ground.

But now we have them on the hip—ha, ha!—on the hip.

They never heard, they didn't, of a "Biennial Muscular Anniversary."

We did, though, on Tuesday evening last—and a precious dirty, drizy, demoralized first of May evening it was—in the form of an entertainment bearing the above-mentioned gentlemanly and scholarly title.

It was a benefit, in fact, for two well-known Sports, Ed. James of the CLIPPER, and Sim Kehoe of the CUTTS—and it came off at Irving Hall.

There was a rain on, as there usually is on the first of May and other festive occasions, but the prevalence of water only made the affair come off more swimmingly: wet is not necessarily a damper.

In the vestibule of the hall, we found assembled such a crowd as oft may be seen bowing down to the golden calf of Ada Mazeppa Menken.

Sports of every size and shape were there.

You should have seen Joe Foote, the heavy Club-bist, with his amorous locks now growing in clusters about the manly nape of his neck: a young clergyman, in search of a ministering angel, could not have looked milder or more succulent than Joseph did as he wormed his way, with the grace natural to him, in and out of the well-regulated tumult: we remarked that nobody struck him as he went past, but that is a thing for which reasons might be found.

Kehoe himself was around generally: he pervaded the well-regulated turmoil, and looked every inch a King—of Clubs.

It was interesting to dwell on the manly beauty of the other beneficiary of the evening—Ed. James: but if there was a feature of the occasion worth recording in golden letters, that feature was SAM DAVIS, the Master of Ceremonies, and *arbiter elegantiarum* of the "Muscular Anniversary." Old William Toovee, Esq., has long borne the palm for suavity, combined with force, in the discharge of his arduous duties as usher in the arena of sport, but what we say is, give us Sam Davis to do the patter on such occasions: Bill is nowhere when Sam is around.

Lauding performers are never remarkable for punctuality, and so it was upon the present occasion: but the admirable music of a comic band kept the assemblage in good humor.

A fiddle, a cornet, and a drum, all at variance with each other in regard to the theme discussed by them, will never fail to restore confidence even at a crisis when all seems to be up: lest this might have pulled upon the sportive ear, however, the Dobsons were on hand with their banjos, and did good service.

Two very small Sports were the first athletes introduced by Mr. Sam Davis to the assemblage.

One of these, the youthful Charley Lynch, is apparently about four years of age, and his weight may be in the neighborhood of nineteen pounds: he was more than creditable with a pair of Kehoe clubs about as large as champagne bottles. His rival—a larger youth, set down as the "Commander"—was equally successful with larger clubs.

In contrast to these specimens of the "Great American Shrimp," comes presently to the platform the stalwart Joe Foote, who does indescribable things with a Kehoe weighing 65 lbs: then he takes a bar of iron, and bends it to an angle by striking it upon his arm: men on the back benches bet that it is a leaden pipe, but Mr. Sam Davis dispels the pleasing illusion by handing it round.

Professor Brady, of Washington, who looks like a race horse or a greyhound, with his fine waist and knotted muscles, dashed with his left hand at a ring suspended from a trapeze, and lifts himself with one arm several consecutive times from the ground.

There are alternations of clog dancing and Jig, which may be very good in their way, only we can't see them.

There are songs, which we don't see either, and wish we couldn't hear.

On the whole, the muscular part of the entertainment was good. It demonstrated satisfactorily the benefit of the Kehoe Clubs—there is no doubt about that: we hope that the benefit of the King of Clubs was equally well demonstrated.

The affair was an orderly one, and might have been considered creditable even in Boston, where we don't think they have ever yet had a "Biennial Muscular Anniversary,"—nor even a Biennial Celebration.

(For the Saturday Press.)
PAS ENCORE.

Well, I was wrong, I made the old mistake—

You called it folly the last time we met—

Perhaps 'tis well from all such dreams to wake,

Why call it noonday when the sun has set?

Of course I was a silly fool, and yet,

For your own peace, I trust you'll never know,

Or, knowing now, I trust you will forget

My grief. 'Tis better that you should do so—

Life is too short to cloud it with another's woe.

I shall not die, however great my grief;

Death does not come so readily, I find;

A broken heart meets sometimes that relief;

But hearts are seldom broken. To my mind

Perhaps still less with men than womankind.

Women are tender, fragile, sensitive,

Their love is fatal when it proves unkind,

While men are sturdy, coarser-grained and live:

If we believe the world, this faith we must receive.

I've played the sentimental game before,

And if I tried it now, 'twould not be new:

The little tricks which men use to allure

Weak women, I have never tried with you.

I thought you were too womanly and true:

Should I with tinsel plate the sterling gold?

My heart was yours, that fact I thought you knew.

'Tis the old tale, so frequent and so old—

Love in the market-place, where hearts are bought

and sold.

One more illusion faded into air!

Another fancy robbed of every charm!

Another heart, which seemed to me so dear,

I find grown icy cold within my arm.

Would the desires which still my bosom warm

Could like the old Pygmalion's fabled flame

Infuse themselves into your bosom's calm:

His love was marble, though; were you the same,

Such essay might not prove quite impotent and lame.

(For the Saturday Press.)
THE FLANEUR.

VI.

Nomina suntata de fabula narratur.

There was once upon a time, when the earth was young, a great King who was a philosopher and had a taste for mechanics, and who one day, in a merry mood, mounted the blade of an iron jack knife in a splendid razor handle made of ivory inlaid with mother-of-pearl. And when the work was all done, he called it the King's razor, and as a great mark of special favor to his courtiers, would lend it to them for their own shaving.

And so finally the great object in life to the ambitious men of the court came to be gaining the favor of shaving with the King's razor: and among the common people the highest claim to honor and consideration was having shaved with the King's razor.

Now it was obligatory for those who obtained this honor to shave themselves with the King's razor and not to use any other.

Of course it was a most painful thing to use: it scraped and hacked and never could do the work as easily or well as an ordinary razor, but then it was the King's razor, and it was an honor to have used it.

The very scratches that it made, and the ragged character imparted to the beard it was used to shave, were considered marks of distinction and evidences of superiority.

Meanwhile the King, in his secret soul, made merry at the folly of his subjects, and laughed in his sleeve to see not only the common people so deceived and misled, but even his grey-bearded councillors, his men of gravity and deportment, as eager as any in the pursuit of so vain an honor, and even more strenuous in their praise of the custom as being one of the most necessary and important for its preservative and moral effect upon society.

The scoffers—there will always be some such light-minded people—said that this last opinion of the men of gravity and deportment came from the fact that they and their class were most commonly the recipients of this favor: but such insinuations were of course unfounded.

Among themselves, when certain of their security, the men of gravity and deportment sometimes complained to each other that after all the King's razor did not shave as clean as a common one would do; but to the outside world they always maintained the contrary; and this because they felt that they owed a certain duty of example to the people, and that the established order of society would be disorganized should they, who receive its benefits, treat them lightly.

And so the custom went on, increasing daily in strength.

But the King had, what few kings have, a friend: one who let his beard grow, and, therefore, never wanted a razor even of the ordinary kind, and whom the King liked to talk with, because he treated him as if he was only a man, and spoke his opinion when asked for it even in the very kingly presence.

With this friend the King spoke freely of his new custom and together they made merry over its success.

"But what will you do," asked his friend one day, "Should the people grow wise enough to find that the whole thing is an absurdity?"

"Oh, my good fellow," replied the King, "in that event, they would be like you, and would have no further use of me."

Perhaps this society exists until now, though I do not remember to have seen any very recent accounts of it by travelers.

It would be curious to make a visit there, and see whether the accounts, as I have given them, are true.

And yet such curious creatures are we of habit, that, perhaps, if we made a visit of any duration among such a people, we would find ourselves in a short time eager in the same chase, and proud of having gained the same honor.

It would seem to us something glorious to have used the King's razor. If the same energy and labor now expended in gaining trifles which represent all that they are, were spent in gaining trifles which represented the performance of something useful, it is evident how much society would be the gainer, even from the follies of individuals.

The only difficulty is how to so organize and arrange matters, that this result may be obtained.

It will certainly be done some time or other.

Perhaps I could tell you how, but then, as with my friend the king, I am aware that if ever the world arrived at that point, it would have no further place for

THE FLANEUR.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE "DISCOVERY" OF MM. FRANTZ
AND FAURE.

It has long been settled that Matter is indestructible. No atom can be created by man; no atom can be diminished by him into non-being. Man himself the most wonderful exhibition of matter in its highest development, may die, and the material body disappear; yet we know that even in this instance the universal law of Indestructibility is affirmed, not negated. Chemical affinities are satisfied, the atoms pass away in fresh combinations which we cannot trace, but which, we know, are still existent. The nineteenth century lives, and moves, and has its being amid the dust and the component atoms of the countless centuries which have preceded it. To-

According to the WORLD, the Police Commissioners have adopted a resolution changing the height of policemen from five feet eight inches to five feet seven." This reminds us of the famous proposition of Sir Morton Peto & Co. to lessen the distance between New York and Chicago.

A Distinguished contributor to one of the New York dailies has given up writing and is now said to be enjoying his "spous cum dignitate."

Figaro.

(From London "Fun.")

THE FAVORITE OF FORTUNE.

ACT I.—SCENE, Room in Mrs. Lorrington's House.

Enter Mrs. WITHERBY and MAJOR PRICE.

BORN.—We are on a visit to Mrs. Lorrington; she is very vulgar, and uses much bad French. But soft—she comes!

Enter Mrs. LORRINGTON.

MRS. L.—Hai! Common gwo partye paddychack song? I am well-born!

BORN.—No doubt! (Aside, to each other) Walker!

MRS. L.—Mais here sont my deux daughters, Hester and Lucy! A rich gentleman, Mr. Annerly, and a baronet's heir, Tom Sutherland, are coming sur une visite, et my fille Hester shall marry Annerly, et ma daughter Lucy Tom Sutherland.

Enter HESTER and LUCY.

LUCY.—Mother, I will not marry Tom Sutherland; and I don't think Hester will marry Annerly.

MRS. L.—Gyurl! Comment dare vous?

MRS. W. (aside).—Then my Euphemia shall marry both.

HESTER.—By the way, somebody has saved some somewhere! How noble! (Weeps.)

ALL.—Indeed! How truly noble!

(All weep, and excent.)

Enter ANNERLY and TOM SUTHERLAND.

ANNERLY.—I am the favorite of Fortune, alluded to in the bills. I have twenty million a year—allow me to write somebody a check for any amount!

TOM S.—Nay, dear Annerly, that were rash, for am I not the shrewd Tom Sutherland?

ANNERLY.—True! I had forgot! Ha! the company arrives. I will be rude to them. They will but smile, for I am the Favorite of Fortune.

TOM S.—Do.

(Company arrives. Annerly is rude to them; but they do but smile, for he is the Favorite of Fortune.)

ANNERLY (to Mrs. Witherby).—Your daughter is a fool!

MRS. W.—Oh, what a quiz you are, Mr. Annerly!

ANNERLY.—Mrs. Lorrington, you're a preposterous old absurdity!

MRS. L.—Quel spirits, vous have!

ANNERLY (to everybody).—You're a set of twaddling duffers.

ALL.—What's a singular power of repartee!

HESTER.—Mr. Annerly, you are a concealed puppy!

ANNERLY (aside).—Ha! she—she alone loves me?

(Aloud.) Miss Lorrington, I thank you.

HESTER (scornfully).—Cud!

Enter TOM SUTHERLAND.

TOM S.—Annerly, your secret is out; and the whole populace have discovered that you are the somebody who somehow saved someone somewhere! (Enter the whole populace, who shake Annerly by the hand.)

HESTER.—Mr. Annerly, I had no idea of this. You are the brave man who somehow saved somebody somewhere, and you have twenty million a year! accept my hand and my heart this moment.

(Hugs him.)

ANNERLY.—Oh, hang it.

ACT II.—Garden attached to Mrs. Lorrington's house.

Enter ANNERLY.

ANNERLY.—I am engaged to Hester, and there's no getting out of it! (Exit ANNERLY.)

Enter TOM SUTHERLAND.

TOM S.—I am ordered to propose to Lucy Lorrington—but I don't want to.

Enter LUCY LORRINGTON.

LUCY.—I am ordered to accept Tom Sutherland—but I don't want to.

(They propose to and accept each other, and excent.)

Enter FOX BROMLEY.

FOX B.—I am a scoundrel. I have a secret of Mrs. Lorrington's, and I extract gold from her for preserving it.

Enter MRS. LORRINGTON.

MRS. L.—Ha! That may!

FOX B.—Give me gold, or I will reveal all!

MRS. L.—No!

Enter ALL THE COMPANY.

ALL.—Oh, here is Mr. Fox Bromley, who tells such delightful stories! Tell us an anecdote.

FOX B.—I will. Once there was a barmaid who married a rich man!

ALL.—Excellent, good!

(They all laugh consumedly.)

MRS. L.—It is false! It is not true! It is a fabrication! It is a fib! But quo, ha! ha! can it matter to now?

FOX B.—I forgot to add that her name was Betsy.

MRS. L.—Liar and scold! But what if it was?

"Tis a most entertaining story! (Aside.) Silence, or now shall have ten thousand per annum!

FOX B.—Good. (Is silent.)

ACT III.—Drawing-room in Mrs. Lorrington's house.

Enter ANNERLY and TOM SUTHERLAND.

ANNERLY.—I have lost all my fortune, except my father's paltry freehold of ninepence a-year! I must tell Hester.

TOM S.—She will reject you, if you do.

ANNERLY.—No such luck, I'm afraid. At all events, I'll try. (Exit R.)

TOM S.—Poor devil! (Exit L.)

Enter Mrs. LORRINGTON and FOX BROMLEY C.

FOX B.—Make it twenty thousand a-year, or I will tell all!

MRS. L.—Monster! voici is a cheque pour the amount!

Enter HESTER.

HESTER.—Mama! In tears!

MRS. L.—We, ma chere! I will tell all. I am the file of an innkeeper, and I ran away with a swell who married in Erose, and the pretre who married us can't be found; and this homme was the only tenuis. He did that it was no real marriage, and that he will announce the fact unless I close his bouche with or!

HESTER.—Monster! But I must tell Annerly. It will be a good excuse for breaking off the match, for I hear that he is ruined.

MRS. L.—Not for worlds. Promise me that you will not betray my secret!

HESTER.—I do. But anyhow I will not marry him! He is a beggar!

(Excent Mrs. LORRINGTON and BROMLEY.)

Enter ANNERLY.

ANNERLY.—Now to tell all! Hester, I am ruined!

HESTER.—Indeed! But I cannot marry you; not of course for that reason—I have another which I cannot tell you!

ANNERLY (aside).—Ha! joy! but I must affect disgust. (Aloud.) 'Tis well, Miss Lorrington. I do part. False-hearted gyurl, you shall see me no more. (Exit.)

ACT IV.—The same. Night.

Enter TOM SUTHERLAND and LUCY.

TOM S.—I thought I didn't like you, but I do!

LUCY.—And I thought I didn't like you, but I do!

TOM S.—Then let us get married!

LUCY.—We will! Like a bird! (Excent.)

Enter Mrs. LORRINGTON and HESTER.

MRS. L.—Well, Hester, you are comfortably hors de cela.

HESTER.—Yes, thank goodness.

Enter ANNERLY is travelling costume.

ANNERLY.—Well, I'm off. Good bye!

HESTER.—Good bye. (Exit ANNERLY.)

Enter TOM SUTHERLAND.

TOM S.—Annerly is not ruined after all!

HESTER.—No? Then, hal! ha! send for him! send for him! My own love! My old, old love? Bring him back to me once more!

(Tom Sutherland brings him back.)

HESTER.—Annerly, I will marry you.

ANNERLY.—No, don't!

HESTER.—But I will!

TOM S.—You will be pleased to hear that I have just discovered the address of the clergyman who married your father and mother. I have this moment written to him, and notwithstanding that it is night, and the last post has gone, I expect him momentarily.

ANNERLY.—And if our kind friends in front will only signify their approbation in the usual manner, it will afford some little consolation in the midst of his misery at having to marry into so disgusting a family, to the Favorite (ha! ha! but no matter) of Fortune.

CURTAIN.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

THE SAVAGE AT THE QUARTETTE.

It has been written of poetry as most people are aware, that when only common place or ordinary, it is not to be tolerated by gods or men, or publishing establishments; though as for these last, if Horace had lived in our times, he would scarcely have thought it necessary to mention them for even good poets do not now a days find favor in their eyes. It has also been said by a great wit concerning Painting, that the worst sort of ochre that can be used in that profession is the Mediocre. But why has nothing been remarked of an equally caustic character respecting the sister Art of Music? Why is every young lady taught to strum on the piano-forte, as though the possession of ten fingers were sufficient for excellence in that accomplishment, notwithstanding the lack of an ear for music? Why do musical folks tremble to go out to dinner, for fear they should be deemed to suffer for it afterwards in the drawing-room of their entertainer at the hands of a young-lady amateur? She is led up, after a conventional resistance which affords no hope since they are well aware how it will all end, to the piano, like Iphigenia to the sacrifice, only, instead of her suddenly turning into a goat (which would be an unspeakable relief) the sacrifice is fully completed—that is, of the audience. Conversation is made to cease until this inexperienced performer has struggled through some piece totally beyond her powers, and then it is ten to one if some injudicious or malignant person does not remark in that hypocritical tone peculiar to such a request: "Oh, thank you, Miss Blundertips; we trust you are not going to limit us to one"—And before the man can finish his sentence, she has removed the glove which she had only made a pretence of resuming, and begins again with something worse.

Mr. Dickens has been accused of making crude young ladies in some of his novels wield an influence over the rest of his *dramatis personæ*, which it is urged they are not seen to do in real life; but certainly at the pianoforte they are paramount, and all must alike submit to their harmonious (?) rule. Honest folks who intend to inflict this punishment upon their guests, should acquaint them with the fact when they send their invitations, at the same time enclosing their bill of fare; then persons of taste might strike a balance between the threat and the promise—the infliction and the treat—and decide to accept or refuse accordingly.

It is very unselfish and disinterested in the present writer to suggest this course, for it so happens that he has no ear whatever. Of course, I possess a pair of those singular excrescences, which, although they have been likened to very many pretty things,

are certainly held in admiration in inverse proportion to their size; but for musical purposes, I might almost as well be without them. I know a *di flat* when I see it, but not when I hear it. A whole advertisement column of the *Times* is devoted daily to matters about which I know no more than a native of the Andaman Islands; and, indeed, the last named is much given, I understand, to playing upon the "tom-tom," and has so far clearly the advantage of me, for I don't know what the tom-tom is, unless it is a chorus of cats.was given to understand was "one of the grandest and most pathetic slow movements in existence," but which was succeeded by another one even slower, and executed by the entire strength of the audience ebbing out of St. James' Hall. It was an example, I could not help remarking, of the *modo continuo razzissimo*, which I should not forget in a hurry.

This observation, as savoring somewhat of flippancy, and a mistake which I fell into regarding the name of one of the performers, which, notwithstanding his world-wide reputation, I had never so much as heard of before, combined to irritate my preceptor.

"If you call Piatti *Pianetti* again," said Fidelle with severity, "you shall have no oysters for supper;" and he made me carry home a half yearly volume of the *Tonic Sol Fa Reporter*, by way of imposition. That is a very pleasant and interesting magazine, I have no doubt, to those who can understand it; but it is a little obscure and technical. From what I could gather, it seems to set before its readers, as the object most to be aspired after by the human mind, the position of a "Certified Soloist." If it does not involve any surgical operation, I should like to be that myself; but I have my apprehensions.My education went on without much visible good result, but my tutor was hopeful still. I never, it is true, evinced any unseemly prejudice in favor of one piece of music over another; but where any very broad difference existed between particular tones (if one had the cymbals, for instance, and the other hadn't), I was able to detect it. Whenever I heard the drum, too, I rarely failed to cry out: "That's a march," which pleased Fidelle very much, and particularly when I happened to be right. Moreover, under the influence of melody, I very often went to sleep, which he said was a good sign. It shewed that there was at least no active antagonism to music in my unfortunate constitution. This favorable symptom in my case turned out, however, to be the ruin of my musical prospects as well as (almost) those of my preceptor himself. Fidelle, I should have told you, is a member of that select and fashionable musical society which goes by the name of the *Wandering Minstrels*, a sort of glorified *Ethiopian Serenades*, without, however, the charming "Bones," whom I humbly consider to be at the very summit of the musical profession, and to be far the best worth hearing of any instrumental performer within my now considerable experience. Also, they make the very great mistake of not blacking their hands and faces. However, they are an aristocratic institution, and my Fidelle (who has the instincts of an Englishman, I hope) cleaves to them fondly; drives miles and miles to take his part in their performances; and willingly accompanies them when they make those tours of charity in the provinces which do them so much credit. All honor to the opheliads which can raise the wind for the Widow and the Fatherless; blest be the catgut that scrapes sovereigns—with gentle violence—out of the pockets of rich men to feed the poor!When my friend and patron observed one morning: "I tell you what, Man Friday" [because I was a Savage, you see], "I'll take you to the *Wandering Minstrels* this very evening," I knew that I ought to feel obliged. "It's a 'smoking concert' to-night," he continued, "so that you need not be deprived of that cigar, after which I know you pine even in the very opera-house itself; and there is as much gin and water given to you as you choose to drink. Moreover, there are beautiful books in the room with pictures in them; but for all that, I expect you to listen to the quartette in E flat, which (although I say it who shouldn't say it, since I play the first fiddle) will be well worthy of the attention of—everybody, in short, above the level of the beasts. It is the only one in which I appear this evening, so you will know when it takes place for certain."The *Minstrels*, though *Wandering*, have, as everybody knows, local habitation; a plain but admirably-built concert hall, the body of which is well filled on the occasions; when smoking is permitted, by gentlemen-guests, some of whom the combined charms of music and tobacco allure for the whole evening, and by others who "drop in," after having favored other entertainments with their presence. On little tables along the walls are arranged bottles of that purest spirit, at the presence of which I have already hinted, and there is plenty of water to mix with it. On standing desks, too, are placed handsome books and portfolios, full of engravings and etchings, to suit the tastes of those who are not wholly given up to music.Fidelle having introduced me into this elysium, took his own place in the populous orchestra, leaving me in the good care of a *habitué* of the misty scene. This gentleman was full of anecdotes, and had an enviable power of relating them, without appearing to lookers-on to be so much as moving his lips; in fact, I believe people thought it was I who kept up that low but unbroken murmur which permeated the rich torrent of orchestral sound throughout the evening, a suspicion that was only too intensified by what finally occurred.

My neighbor, however, if not exactly cut out for a listener, was very agreeable to me, and seemed to think me quite a character for preferring the drum (next to "the Bones") above all other musical instruments. I like to see it banged with that mushroom-headed stick, and then the hand applied to the wounded part, as though it were a sentient being, who demanded the promptest reparation; but why people who play the drum should have such dirty hands, the proof of which may be read on the parchment, is altogether beyond my comprehension.

* All this is clearly a trespass upon the domain of the art-critics of literature.

"I should think you were the sort of man who likes the ophicleide," observed this gentleman insinuatingly. "It has so fine a volume of sound, as well as such a very imposing personal appearance. Where it is bad, however, it rather disconcerts the other performers. I remember, in one of the Western States of America, a very respectable theatre which was rendered intolerable to musical folks by a self-willed and tyrannical ophicleide. He had a part-share in the house itself, and therefore could not be turned out of the orchestra; but it was the wish of all who heard him that the breath was finally out of his body, and that he had blown his last. Upon one occasion, a dreadful disturbance broke out in the gallery, and a gentleman, who had given offense to his companions, was about to be precipitated by them, in his shirt-sleeves, into the pit, when suddenly a commanding voice was heard: 'Stop, stop: don't waste him, my good friends: but drop him on the ophicleide.' And they did it."

Here more than one indignant cry of "Silence, silence!" misdirected to poor me (who was merely laughing), compelled me to remove myself from the dangerous vicinity of the *raconteur*, and to transfer my attention to a portfolio of engravings. I felt that, standing up it would be almost impossible for me to go to sleep, an exposition of which I found, as usual, stealing upon me under the harmonious influence of catgut; while even now I saw by Fidelle's face that the quartette in E flat was about to begin, to which he had so especially directed my attention. It did begin forthwith; with such an "exquisite movement"—uncommonly like the fluttering of a bird—that I did not venture to interrupt it by turning over the immense pages before me, but remained, like one spellbound, staring hard at a particularly uninteresting picture of Milan Cathedral; architecture, says somebody, is "frozen music," and to one who does not care for music, even when unfrozen, it is not an attraction. My mind wandered from it and the quartette to other scenes: it revisited the haunts of my boyhood, and recalled those days when I used to execute *fantasias* myself with a bit of brown paper and a small-tooth comb. A terrible apprehension that I was falling asleep overshadowed me dimly, and yet I had no power to rouse myself; I thought it was Christmas Day, and that I was home for the holidays, and in the family pew at afternoon service, after eating to repletion of roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding; I heard my uncle the clergyman "droning, droning" like a black bumble-bee, and I knew that I, his nephew, would presently fall off my seat, and carry the family Bible with me, the position of which upon the slanting desk without a ledge, was always a great source of anxiety. With a great effort, I opened my eyes, and recognized the whole position; beheld Fidelle working away his violin as though his life depended upon it; clearly remembered that the quartette—no, the quarto; was it a book or only a portfolio? (Here my eyelids slowly closed.) What a curious expression was that employed by the Pandects of Aristophanes, "a minister without a port"—I suppose I had put my hands out to assure myself that the thing was there, but all of a sudden, there was a most hideous crash. Something fell upon me—it seemed like the roof of the building—which struck a thousand sparks out of my eyes. I knew that it would be best to shut my eyes, and pretend to be dead, until they got me home; I did not dare meet the gaze of my injured Fidelle.

As a matter of fact, however, I had suffered very little harm. On the other hand, I had pulled down a range of standing desks with their giant burdens; broke thirteen bottles of gin; and made such a termination to the quartette in E flat (Op. 44) as Mendelssohn never imagined in a nightmare.

[From All the Year Round.]

OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

The suburban village in which our suburban residence stands is a very convenient spot to live in. With a little economising of the truth, an inhabitant of the place may give out either that he inhabits the town or the country. Thus, when we are down in Leeds or Manchester, among the north-country manufacturers, we talk largely about our house in London. On the other hand, in conversation, with our next door neighbor in the City (Higgins, of Smith and Higgins, Manchester warehousemen), we speak with modest pride of our "little place down the country," and without telling a falsehood, make Higgins believe that we are owner of at least a freehold lodge, with two or three freehold acres round about the house.

Our suburban village is neither town or country and yet is both. We go to it either by railway or bus; the former with a first-class season ticket being considered the correct thing, and leading those who journey thither for the first time to conclude that they are really going into the far country, as for some miles along the line no houses are to be seen save here and there a solitary one; while horses ploughing, corn growing, and half rustic-looking laborers are visible. But if you proceed by the road—by the bus—it is different. True, you leave London and its thickly inhabited quarters behind you, but still all along the route there is London more or less diluted and you never lose sight of houses, gardens, here and there a group of shops, detached and semi-detached villas. Thus, although by rail we are ten miles, and by road twelve, from the General Post Office: when we travel by the former we seem to be twenty, and by the latter not three miles from the capital of England.

There are not many streets in our suburban village. We have the high road that passes through it

from London, and which we call the High street in that portion of it which traverses our village. From this there are several lanes which project right and left off the High street and which are inhabited exclusively by poor people. But we have plenty of "roads," and in these it is that the aristocracy of our suburban village reside. There are Park-road, Bedford-road, Derby-road and many others, all with more or less sounding names. In none of these roads do we number our houses. That would be too town-like. Every habitation—villas we say in our suburban village—has its own particular name, or has a name that is shared in common by a couple of habitations; our house is in sober truth a semi-detached eight-room "villa," for which we pay thirty pounds a year, the rates and taxes not exceeding six pounds additional. In London, this very unpretending habitation would be known, say, as number sixty-six, Park road; but, in our suburban village, it and its next neighbor are designated "Windsor Villas." Opposite us in the same road are a couple of houses named "Wellington Villas," and higher up on the same side, are "Northumberland Villas;" to the right are the "Morton Villas," and to the left a "detached" house called "Norfolk Villa," besides many aristocratic designations too numerous to mention.

We are all—or at any rate there are so few exceptions that they are not worth noticing—men of business, in our suburban village. By the eight, the half-past eight, and the nine o'clock morning trains, there is every day, except Sunday, a general exodus of the whole male population, all bound for their respective places of business in the City. On no account whatever would we personally remain in our suburban village after the nine, or at most the half past nine, o'clock train had left. If we did so, our neighbors would be certain to imagine that there was "something wrong" with the firm of Bugbines, Smelt & Co., Manchester warehousemen, of Salt-lane, Cheapside: the house in which we form part and portion of the Co. When our opposite neighbor, Smeddle, of the firm of Smeddle and Smedge, silk-dealers in Green street, E. C., stayed at home for two days in succession, because he had a bad cold, the consequence was that on the following week, when the name of another Smeddle appeared in the list of bankrupts, every one in our suburban village believed that our Smeddle was the man.

Being absent from our wigwams from half-past eight in the morning until the same hour in the evening, we the warriors of our suburban village do not see much of our squaws or the papooses. It follows, as a natural consequence, that we never dine at home except on Sundays. In fact, by the time we have jumped out of bed, shaved clean—it is not deemed business-like to wear the beard, in our suburban village—are dressed, and have managed to swallow a little breakfast, it is time to be off to the train. Either from a quarter to five and twenty minutes past eight, or again from a quarter until two minutes to nine, every house in our suburban village is seen to open its door and allow the head of the family to make his exit, which he invariably does in a terrible hurry, with a black bag in his hand, and running as if for life towards the station.

We, the male inhabitants of our suburban village, don't care much for dinner; it is a meal we eat in the city how and when we can, our usual hour being from one to two, and our usual food steaks or chops, which we like to see "done" on the gridiron in the various places of refreshment which we patronize. In business hours we attend to business and nothing else; therefore it is that our midday repasts are hurried and not over satisfactory. As a universal rule, our wives dine early; the olive branches of our households "restoring" themselves at the same time. The heads of families go in for supper, and a jolly repast we make at this old-fashioned meal, to which we sit down about nine o'clock. The cold joint, a stewed steak, a couple of soles, some hashed mutton, or a bit of game, are the dishes we like best for supper. Occasionally we ask one another to supper, a compliment which is always quickly returned and heartily accepted.

Sunday is truly a day of rest in our suburban village. We lie late in bed, and breakfast just in time to go to church: which we all do. At our church the pews are high and comfortable, very well adapted for a half-hour's sleep during sermon. We have slept in church from about 1-4 past twelve until five minutes to one, every Sunday of our personal life for the last ten years, and we hope to do so for as many more. In fact, we look upon this as part of our Sunday rest, and we don't think we could by any possibility do without it. At two o'clock on Sunday we all dine—it is the universal custom of our suburban village—and after dinner we generally snooze off in our chairs by the fireside. Sunday is by no means a cheerful day with us. We do not visit each other on that day, nor is it the custom among us to have suppers on Sunday evening—except cold meat. In short, Sunday is a day on which we eat and sleep, but do little else.

Not that we need complain of a want of preachers or of teachers in divine matters, in our suburban village, for there is hardly a church or sect that has not its place of worship in the place. To begin with the Establishment, we have high, low, and broad churches; the Presbyterians, Independents, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Baptists, have also their own chapels and ministers of religion. Our vicar is a comely urbane gentleman, who is on good terms with everybody, and adopts broad and liberal views in matters theological; and yet, as a religious pastor, neither is he popular, nor is his church much frequented. Somehow or other, the aristocracy of our suburban village like their sermons, as they do their brandy-and-water, hot and strong. This must be

the reason why the "low church" clergyman, the Rev. Mr. MacSnorter, has his church so well filled. MacSnorter is an Irishman; and much given to denounce popery, high churchmen, and all who differ from his particular school; he preaches long sermons, and is strong upon the doctrine of election.—Well to do in this world's goods is MacSnorter, for having married a lady with some means, and letting the seats in his church at a good figure, he has a comfortable income, and can invest of his savings something handsome every year. In our suburban village he is extremely popular, and it is to his denunciations of the slightest pleasure on Sunday that we attribute the dullness of the first day of the week at our suburban village. He is on bowing terms—nothing more—with the vicar; for he looks upon, and speaks of that clergyman, as a shepherd careless of his flock.

When he meets the clergyman—or "priest," as he delights to call himself—or of our "high church," Mr. MacSnorter turns away his head; for he denounces Mr. Chasuble, the high-church incumbent, as a Papist in the Protestant camp. But, after all, Mr. Chasuble is a very worthy man; he may be a little too much given to wearing long frock coats which reach nearly to his heels, and he puts great faith in church decorations, vestments, incense, and the like; but, with all this, he is good man, very charitable to the poor, and always ready to do a kindness to a neighbor. But, in our suburban village, he is far from popular. At his church are only to be seen half a dozen families, nearly all of whom come from some distance to worship, the rest of the congregation being composed of working men and their families. The seats at St. Oriel's are all free, low-made, and open. We, the aristocracy of our suburban village, don't like this; we hold that a man's pew is his castle, just as much as his house is, provided always that he pays his pew-rents. If seats be free and open, what is to prevent Smithers, the journeyman gardener, from sitting down by a gentleman's side in church? And if seats are made so low in the back, how is a man to get his sleep during sermon? Not that there is time to get anything like a comfortable nap during one of Mr. Chasuble's sermons, for they don't last more than fifteen minutes, and no one can get any good out of a discourse which is so short.

There is another minister of religion in our suburban village, whose fate it is to be very much and very often denounced by Mr. MacSnorter. This is Father Lomax, the Catholic priest. He is a little dark man, closely shaved, and looks like a foreigner. His congregation consists almost entirely of poor Irish, the few exceptions being a French teacher with his wife and children, a Belgian wine-merchant, one or two old maiden ladies, and a retired officer: a widower, with three grown-up daughters. But of Father Lomax and his congregation we see and know little. His chapel is almost hidden behind some very poor houses, and to get at it you have to pass through a stable-yard.

The most eloquent preacher in our suburban village is the Independent minister; but neither his sermons nor his services are much liked among the aristocracy of his place. The former are too noisy, too trying for our nerves. The latter are not according to the Established Church, and are therefore not deemed respectable. We go to hear him sometimes, but not often.

Nor are we ill off with respect to medical men, in our suburban village. There are three doctors in the place, each of whom manages to make a decent living out of us. The first of these is Dr. Hull: without whose assistance no proper-minded woman belonging to the aristocracy of our suburban village would think of going through her confinement. He is not a young man, Dr. Hull being some two or three years over threescore. But he is very judicious, and has built up a solid reputation on allowing Nature to take her own course, merely attempting to regulate the diet of his patients. Our suburban village is, on the whole, a healthy place; but hot summers tell sooner or later on the constitution of most men, and we have to call in the doctor occasionally, and Dr. Hull is the one who enjoys the best reputation for putting men on their legs when so laid up. Although of the old school as to his treatment. He has great faith in pure air, good drainage, cold sponge baths, and generous but temperate diet; the consequence is, he makes many cures where less judicious men would kill.

Next to Dr. Hull in medical reputation is Mr. Spargel, a gentleman whose speciality is more in surgery than in medicine. Mr. Spargel has been in the army, has some independent means, and does not seek practice, leaving it more to seek him. He is not very popular with the inhabitants of our suburban village, being rather inclined to look down upon us, and call all who are in business tradesmen. But whenever a serious accident happens, he is sure to be called in, and on such occasions he no doubt does his utmost to give any sufferer relief. He and Dr. Hull are pretty good friends when they happen to meet, which is, however, but seldom, as their practice does not jar, and they mix with different sets of people. Mr. Spargel is a supporter of Mr. Chasuble's high-church views, and is one of the leading persons in that gentleman's congregation. He is fiery and hot tempered, though as good hearted a man as could be found. Mr. Spargel declares that if Mr. Chasuble's church were shut up, he would rather go and worship in Father Lomax's little chapel than sit and hear Mr. MacSnorter preach. But when Mr. MacSnorter's eldest boy fell out a window, and broke his leg in two places, the doctor who attended him was Mr. Spargel; and although for eight weeks and

more he visited his young patient twice a day, he would not take anything in the way of remuneration.

The third doctor in our suburban village may be termed a dissenter from the rules of the profession; he is a homeopathic practitioner, and professes to cure all maladies with invisible globules and tasteless essences. None of us believe in this gentleman's system, though we are forced to confess that he has certainly wrought cures, some of which are—to say the least of them—very extraordinary. The name of this practitioner is Zeller. He is a German, and a very firm believer in the theories of the apostle of homeopathy. But, to fill up his time, and to keep his pocket from being empty, he has set up a home for orphans, which is maintained by public subscription, and of which he has constituted himself secretary, medical attendant, surgeon, superintendent, and all the various officers of such an institution, rolled into one. Not that his emoluments are very large. When everything is told, his combined salaries are under, rather than over, three hundred a year.

The amusements to be met with in our suburban village, are not many. We are too far from London to go to any of the theatres, unless we are at the expense of a Brougham, or a fly, for the whole evening, and don't mind paying—with driver, baiting the horse, and such like—a matter of twenty-five or thirty shillings for our conveyance to and from town. Our last train from town leaves London at midnight; so if any one wants to get home at that time, he must leave the theatre not later than eleven o'clock, unless he will risk a block of cabs, carriages, or vans, to arrive at the station after the train has left, and find himself obliged to seek a bed for the night at some London hotel, where they look on you with suspicion for arriving without luggage, and take great care that you don't go near the door in the morning before you have paid your bill. Moreover, as we have all to be up early every morning, it behoves us to be in bed at a comparatively early hour every evening, and this is an additional reason why our amusements, such as they are, are sought nearer home. There is a lecture-hall in our suburban village, and here, from time to time, some second or third-rate lecturer, or ventriloquist, or conjuror, pitches his tent for two or three nights, when most of us go to see or hear him. The Rev. Mr. MacSnorter, too, from time to time, gives us a series of lectures upon the errors of popery, which I have no doubt do us a great deal of good. Balls we have none. In the first place, our houses are too small; then, again, the expense of a ball and supper would be more than most of us could well afford; lastly, the influence of Mr. MacSnorter is earnestly and persistently thrown into the scale against all and every kind of assemblies where dancing is permitted. In the summer, during the long evenings which intervene between our getting home from London and dark, we go about from one garden to another, and talk over the progress our plants are making; for we are all more or less given to gardening in our suburban village. In the winter-time we give hot suppers to each other, after having spent a couple of hours at whist, playing for sixpenny points and a shilling at the rubber. But we are generally too tired after our day's work, and too anxious to be up and doing next morning, to indulge much in any evening amusements. By eleven o'clock, or very soon after, all the business men who live in our suburban village are in bed.

In the matter of shops and tradesmen generally, we try very hard in our suburban village to believe that we are well off; but we cannot succeed. Somehow or other, everybody pretends that there is no need to go to London for anything. But at the same time we all purchase in London, on the sly, whatever we wish to have really good, though we don't confess distrust of the shops in our suburban village, and even when talking among ourselves do keep up the pretence of praising everything that belongs to the locality. Some of those who are loudest in praising the shops and tradesmen of the place, are more than suspected of bringing down from town with them even their butcher's meat; and in the matter of groceries, there is no doubt we all get everything we require from the City. And why should we not? If the truth must be told, the shops of our suburban village are fifty per cent dearer, the goods sold in them are a hundred per cent worse, and the owners of the shops are three hundred per cent less civil than in any part of London.

Our suburban village is by no means the only place of its kind near London. On the contrary, similar villages are to be met north and south, east and west, of our huge overbuilt Babylon. They have their disadvantages. We business men are in a perpetual flurry, ever running a race against time, and mostly losing it. On the other hand, the health must be greatly promoted by sleeping every night in fresh, or comparatively fresh, air. Nor should the inestimable advantages which children—especially the very young—derive from living in these semi-country places be overlooked. If all business London were to live in the business parts of London—supposing for a moment that the latter could contain a tenth part of them—our metropolis would soon become the most unhealthy city in the world.

Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) has commenced legal proceedings for the purpose of putting an injunction upon the sale of a work recently issued in New York, under the title of "Betsey Jane Ward, husband of Artemus." The book in question endeavors to convey the impression that Artemus Ward is the author, but he indignantly denies having had anything to do with it.

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